

THE OMEN WINS!

Volume 17; Issue 2; September 28th; Hampshire College



But does it make any difference, really?

THE MEN LOSES!

Volume 17; Issue 2; September 28th; Hampshire College



But does it make any difference, really?



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omen

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layout & editing

Shaun Boyle
Aaron Buchsbaum
Christine Fernsebner Eslao
Chris Fletcher
Alli Hartley
Sasha Horwitz
Zak Kauffman
J. Wilder Konschak
Karl Moore
Rachel Neuman
Jeff Paternostro
M. Benni Pierce
Henriette Recny
Rosie Valdez
Gwynne Watkins
Michael Zole

Nemo Copy Editor
Subject of Red Flag Expose
18 Months Hard Labor
Made into Installation Art
Tied Up and Whipped
Main Ingredient on *Iron Chef*
Two Words: Bail Revoked
Existence
Fire Hose Enema
Fired from Saga
Phillies Bat Boy
Living With Myself
Duet with Ja Rule
Barefoot and Pregnant
Bathing L'il John
Community Service

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIR:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



EVERYONE HAS A PROBLEM.
THEY NEED TO GET OVER
THEM AND SLEEP WITH ME.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO
SARAOIRA SHIELDS

to submit

Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Prescott 96C, Box 916, x5014. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box
at the bottom of the next page
before submitting.

FROM THE EDITOR



BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

For all of you lucky first years, it seems as though you've received a free-of-charge new plastic covered version of Hampshire's own policy booklet "Non Satis Non Scire" (with added personal planner). A nice deal, since we older students did not receive such a nice gift.

"Non Satis Non Scire" is chock-full of info that is very useful to you as a Hampshire College student, and as a fourth year student, I implore you to ignore most of it and just use the personal planner on a regular basis. Instead of reading it, just remember what "Non Satis Non Scire" actually means: "Mod booty is bad booty." This is, of course, only a literal translation, but you get the idea.

As you've probably gathered from the covers this week, the *Omen* is being taken to court. To be more specific, certain *Omen* staff members were taken to Community Review Board today to make a decision that not only affects them, but this campus as a whole.

"Non Satis Non Scire" represents a list of what you can do, and what you are not allowed to do while you are enrolled here. A list of punishments for doing something you are not allowed to do includes fines, restrictions, probations, community service, or expulsion. As usual, the *Omen* is being taken to CRB due to alleged acts of discriminatory harassment and writing that is being interpreted as libelous and slanderous. The article that is being singled out for this purpose can be found on the *Omen* webpage at <http://omen.hampshire.edu>. Go there. Check it out.

When this decision is made either on behalf of the *Omen* or on behalf of the complacent, free speech on this campus will finally have a cap. It will either reveal a way of determining "how to hold your

mouth" so that you too don't get taken to Community Review Board, or give you a guide marker for how far you can go without being taken to CRB. And, of course, the bearers of free speech, the *Omen*, will be the sacrificial sheep in this case.

Not that I haven't attempted to follow the rules printed in "Non Satis Non Scire" since I arrived here, but I feel that free speech as the first amendment guarantees certain inalienable rights. I guess that's pretty much my own interpretation, and since I've already gone down that route, I figure I might as well continue: if the *Omen* were to lose the CRB trial, here is what an article in it might look like in the next issue...

"Everybody on campus does nice things for each other. We all make sure that we are happy, and healthy, and live long lives. The faculty are pleased and the staff work harder. It's ever so much fun.

Except for the [removed due to violation of Community Norms]. They fuck my shit right up. I mean, granted, it seems that they can [removed due to violation of Community Norms], but every night?? That's just not right. And I've been around the world, but it was never like this. Hampshire is just the [removed due to violation of Community Norms] of the world.

I know I might have hurt some people's feelings, but I feel it better for me to say that when [removed due to violation of Community Norms] do [removed due to violation of Community Norms], it really bothers me on a personal level, as other people might feel the same way.

Oh, and llamas are pretty too."

Looking at this now, I realize that it might work better as a work of fiction.



The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





Section ZOLE



Yo! CRB RAPS

wish I could bring you the kind of levity that Section Zole is known for, but right now there is a *situation*. By the time this issue hits the campus, The Omen will be knee-deep in a Community Review Board (CRB) hearing. By the next day, two things could happen: either the charges will be dismissed and the Omen staff will vindicated, or freedom of expression on this campus will take a serious hit.

I'm not sure how many of the details I'm at liberty to divulge, but the story goes something like this: the Omen published an editorial, written by three students, about an open meeting of Community Council which was taped and broadcasted on Intran. The key issue at this meeting was the addition of a SOURCE (Students of Under Represented Cultures and Ethnicities, presumably because SOURC doesn't spell a cool word) representative on Council. Instead of being elected, like the other Council members, the SOURCE representative would be chosen by the members of SOURCE.

"But Mr. Zole, how would SOURCE's cause be helped by what would essentially amount to a token member?"

Good question. To me, it sounds like there are plenty of reasons that someone who believes in racial equality would be against a non-voted SOURCE representative. But if you held such an opinion, this meeting would not have been a good time to argue. SOURCE member

Daniel Kang and Council moderator Isaac Curtis angrily shot down any viewpoints that differed from theirs. Kang implied that dissenting viewpoints were influenced by white supremacy. I know an uncomfortable silence when I don't hear one. People were being intimidated into agreement.

This didn't sit well with Christine Eslao, Gabriel McKee, and Gwynne Watkins who got together, reviewed the tape of this Community Council meeting, and wrote what I would call a fair, even-handed editorial about it. (If you would like to read this article, it is available on the Omen's web site, located at omen.hampshire.edu). Plenty of people talk about creating dialog at Hampshire, but these three students got off their asses, followed the guidelines of civilized debate and submitted to the Omen. So somewhat predictably, Daniel Kang decided to contribute to the dialog by secretly filing a complaint. He accused the Omen — not just the authors of the editorial, but the Omen itself, as if seven sheets of folded paper could stand trial — of libel and discriminatory harassment.

Now, it doesn't seem to matter that neither of those charges make any sense if you read the editorial, and consider that one of the writers of the editorial is herself Asian and therefore unlikely to harass someone for being Asian. The real issue, in my opinion, is freedom of speech. I used to consider myself liberal, because I thought liberalism represented tolerance and open-mindedness while conservatism represented greed and self-interest. While this may be

true in theory, the end result either way is the attempted oppression of opposing views. I mean, a lot of people on this campus are intolerant of intolerance. Sure, it sounds hypocritical when I put it like that, but that's because it is hypocritical. Tolerating people of different races isn't hard. Tolerating people who disagree with you vehemently is definitely harder, and in my opinion, more respectable. And I'd say liberals and conservatives suck at it equally.

Hampshire College means well, and I'm sure Daniel Kang means well too. But their actions are filled with sick irony. The school endorses dialog on important issues, and yet when students provided that dialog in the Omen, the school allowed another student to basically take them to court for it. I've tried very hard to understand the other side of the issue, but it makes no sense. But then, I don't understand the popular (at Hampshire) theory that all white people are inherently racist (isn't that, in itself, a racist statement?) so maybe the problem is me. Nonetheless, I believe that Hampshire should be a school of diversity — not just diversity of race, but also diversity of thought, which is just as important and more often ignored.

Oh, and I've heard it argued that an Asian person may discriminate against other Asians because they have internalized their oppression. If the CRB considers that theory to be evidence, I'm going to shoot myself in the head. With a gun.



Music For Comatose People



WORKING UNDERCOVER FOR THE MAN

BY CHRISTINE FERNSEBNER ESLAO, COLUMNIST

I hate reading *Omen* articles **about** the *Omen* or its regular contributors. The *Omen* is boring, and so is Jeffrey Paternostro, and I don't need to hear any more about Dorian's sex life. Having said that, I am now going to write an article entirely about the predicament that the *Omen*, myself, and several other contributors currently find ourselves in.

The situation is as follows: I and twelve others are being charged with violating certain "community norms" by writing (Gabe McKee, Gwynne Watkins, and myself) and publishing (every member of that issue's staff) an allegedly libelous, silencing, & racist editorial, entitled "We Accuse Council of Being A Bunch of Lily-White Momma's-Boys and Demand That They Kiss Our Asses and Give Us Their Lunch Money." We are to appear before the Community Review Board on the morning of Friday the 28th of September. (By the time you read this, the hearing will already be in progress, or over with. Depending on the outcome, and your own inclinations, give us congratulatory hugs, or bid us farewell, or say good riddance.)

First, we're charged with having violated the Right of Personal Integrity and the Right of Personal Security (as guaranteed in *Non Satis Non Scire*), due to the mental anguish caused by the editorial's less-than-flattering characterization of a public

figure, "in addition to the history of the *Omen* and its affiliates." I can honestly say that the editorial was not written with the intention of hurting anyone personally. It was written as a critique of campus politics and Community Council's procedures (or lack thereof). As for the *Omen*'s "history" and "affiliates", that's incredibly vague. I refuse to be punished simply for being associated with a publication with a turbulent history and a reputation that I've worked hard to change. I joined the staff to write music reviews and design covers with paper dolls — and, later, make posters begging for submissions about how much the *Omen* sucks — not to follow in Mark Hugo's footsteps. However, I do sincerely regret hurting the complainant's feelings. That's not something I can feel good about.

Next, we are charged with violating the Right of Freedom of Communication of Ideas. I do not believe that I have suppressed anyone's freedom of speech. I disagreed with certain political opin-

ions and their proponents' lack of regard for procedure, but stating that I disagree does not constitute a threat to those who might, in turn, disagree with me. I helped to write the article after viewing a tape of the very tense Community Council meeting that the editorial describes, and I did so in the interest of provoking dialogue, which was lacking: no one outside Council seemed to be following its politics, even as its very procedures and composition were being altered and its discussions polarized beyond the possibility of open and civil discussion.

The final charge is that we violated the Discriminatory Harassment Policy. As an Asian chick, I'm not accustomed to fending off accusations of racism. That gap in my education is now being filled. But do I count as a "woman of color"? I get the mailings, but who knows. I admit that "race" has always been a source of puzzlement for me: I was called a "nigger" by six-year-olds in rural Connecticut who had apparently never seen a real live black person, or maybe just couldn't get their ethnic slurs straight. I was also taunted as a "Navajo girl" and a "Puerto Rican." My skin color changed according to the time of year and the amount of time I stayed indoors hunched in front of books or computers. My use of German nouns made for an awkward elementary school experi-



I really liked Hedwig & the Angry Inch.

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WORKING UNDERCOVER...

continuations

ence, and people always seemed surprised that I couldn't read Chinese. Nobody at school had ever heard of my father's country (the Philippines), and those who had only met my (very German) mom assumed I was adopted. I was told to go back to my own country, but there isn't any country or community in which I would look "normal." As far as I'm concerned, I belong to a very small ethnic group that consists of me and my two brothers. (I've heard rumors of the existence of other Filipino-Germans, but to my knowledge I've never met any of them.)

So the accusation that I've committed "discriminatory harassment" is confusing and somewhat insulting. The editorial was much harder on Isaac Curtis & Kaitlin Sopoci-Bellknap, both of them white, as far as I can tell. So why should my motivations be those of racial prejudice for similar criticism of the views of a person of Asian descent? Does anyone honestly think I hate Asians? (Sure, I don't always get along with my dad, but, seriously...)

One can only conclude that either (a) I oppress myself, half my family, and several of my friends, not to mention all the film screenings I organize weekly, or (b) *I don't actually hate Asians*. (Or any other ethnic group, for that matter.) Option (a) brings back some vivid memories of being told that I harbor "internalized oppression," a concept that I find questionable not because it doesn't exist (sure it could) but because it's condescending, intolerant, and just plain rude. Believing that an individual

holds beliefs, conscious or unconscious, that are at odds with their own self-worth and their very identity negates the possibility of any constructive dialogue with that individual: if my thoughts and feelings aren't really my own, but have been imposed upon me by my oppressors, what's the point of discussing what I think or how I feel? Nothing I say can matter.

And as far as I can tell, nothing I say matters here. At Hampshire, we've been taught to be concerned with everyone's feelings, which is a fine thing, except that often it's only certain people's feelings that matter, and only if they have the right feelings. And mine are not the right ones: I am not constantly struck by the innate racism of Hampshire College as an institution. I don't see white supremacy lurking behind every corner. The charges specifically cite our criticisms as invalidating "acknowledgements of those systems of oppression" and therefore violating the Discriminatory Harassment Policy – for holding a different political position.

The complaint is, in fact, alongside more the specific charges con-

cerning the editorial itself, riddled with accusations of "consistent" intimidation of people of color in the "history," "actions," "affiliates," and "practices" of the *Omen*. Nowhere is a clear statement of what or who these are. Ultimately, we are being charged with everything the *Omen* has ever published (and the actions of anyone in any way associated with the *Omen*) that doesn't subscribe to the theories that all white people are racists and that "white supremacy" is alive and well at Hampshire College. These are theories and, while valid, not official doctrine that I or anyone else swore loyalty to upon matriculation. Hampshire College is a *school* – a place where learning should occur, or should at least have the opportunity to occur. I cannot learn if I cannot engage in dialogue and state my own opinions. Furthermore, *no one* is learning if they aren't exposed to opinions contrary to their own. As an institution of higher learning, Hampshire should encourage debate: even if one's own ideas are not changed or broadened, one at least learns how to communicate with the rest of the world in ways that are civil and productive.

I want there to be dialogue, and I want to participate "on my own terms" (to borrow a popular phrase). This should be possible even when my reactions don't match those of some archetypal "woman of color." (Remember, it's okay to assume an individual's thoughts & feelings based on their ethnicity, or to assume a person's background based on their opinions & reactions. It isn't *racist* or anything.) I'm not even

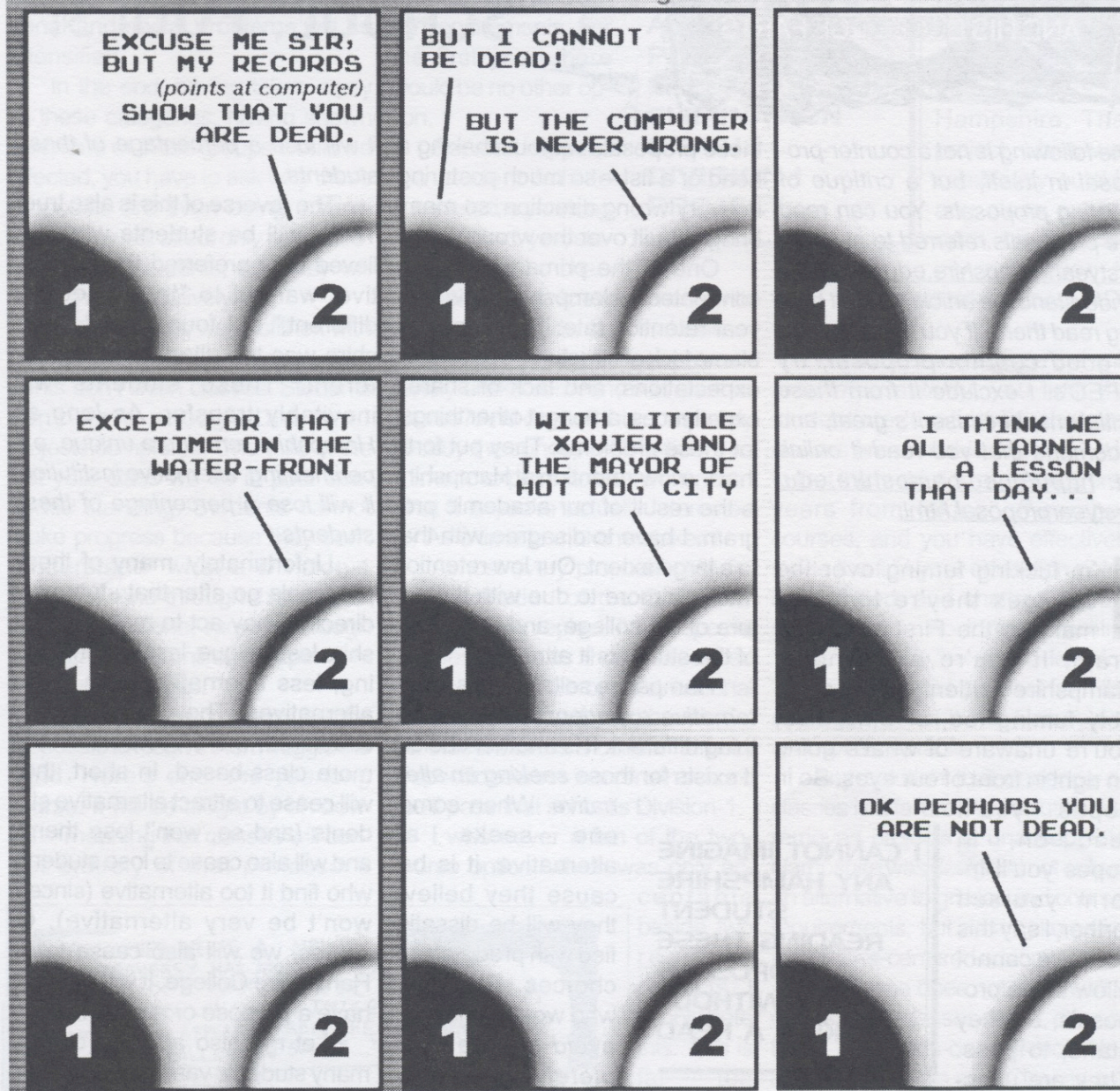


The new *They Might Be Giants* rocks, too.

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XVIII

by M. Zole

www.zole.org



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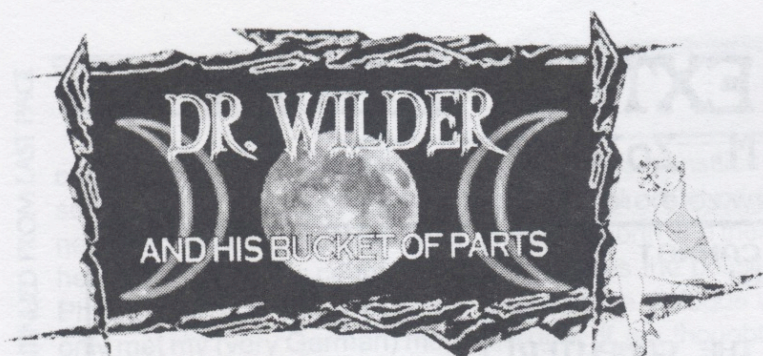
overcome with disgust or fear when I see an image of a nude woman. (Fear and disgust may be perfectly valid responses, but they are by no means the only ones.) I like to give people the benefit of the doubt. But it seems I don't realize how oppressed I am, and that

I have no business thinking that my ideas or feelings are at all relevant to other students of color, who are working hard to save me from my own stupidity.

Their efforts are wasted on me. Perhaps I don't belong here. I'm only ruining someone else's

ideological paradise. But my parents are spending money that they don't have on my tuition, and I'm going to be in debt forever. So I'm not leaving without either a diploma or a full refund.





HANDS OFF MY SCHOOL, FOOLS!

The following is not a counter-proposal in itself, but a critique of existing proposals. You can read the proposals referred to at <http://firstyear.hampshire.edu>, but you'll understand the article without having read them. If you're looking for a good counter-proposal, try EPEC's. I exclude it from these criticisms, because it's great, and I demand that you read it online at: <http://epec.hampshire.edu/firstyearproposal.html>.

I'm fucking fuming over the changes they're trying to make to the First Year Program. If you're any kind of Hampshire student, you're probably fuming too, or otherwise, you're unaware of what's going on right in front of our eyes. So in hopes you'll read on, in hopes you'll inform yourself further, I say this now: We cannot allow these proposals, as they stand, to pass. They are unac-

**I CANNOT IMAGINE
ANY HAMPSHIRE
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ceptable. They are wrong for Hampshire College. We, as students, must do whatever we can to oppose these misguided proposals and support alternatives.

While these proposals do indeed identify actual problems, they overlook the most reasonable causes entirely. I cannot imagine any Hampshire student reading

these proposals without shaking a head or a fist – so much posturing in every wrong direction, so many bridges built over the wrong rivers.

One of the primary ills being confronted is Hampshire's low first-year retention rate. The proposals blame lack of structure, lack of clear expectations, and lack of shared experiences, amongst other things, for these problems. They put forth that the low-retention at Hampshire is the result of our academic program. I have to disagree with that to a large extent. Our low retention rate has more to do with the nature of the college, and the nature of the students it attracts.

Hampshire sells itself as an *alternative experience*. It is something different. It is another choice. It exists for those *seeking an alternative*. When someone seeks an alternative, it is because they believe they will be dissatisfied with predominant choices. Someone who would otherwise *avoid college completely* may give

Hampshire a chance because it is an alternative. However, Hampshire may not always be *alternative enough*. A large percentage of these students, having tried Hampshire, may find that college, even an alternative college, is not the right choice for them. As long as *Hampshire remains a unique, experimenting, alternative institution*,

it will lose a percentage of these students.

The reverse of this is also true. There will be students who believed they preferred the alternative, wanted to "try something different," but found that Hampshire was too alternative, too different. These students will inevitably transfer. As long as *Hampshire remains a unique, experimenting, alternative institution*, *it will lose a percentage of these students.*

Unfortunately, many of these proposals go after that statement directly. They act to make Hampshire less unique, less experimenting, less alternative, with fewer alternatives. They make it more structured, more systematic, and more class-based. In short, they will cease to attract alternative students (and so, won't lose them), and will also cease to lose students who find it too alternative (since it won't be very alternative). Of course, we will also cease to be Hampshire College. It will cease to have a purpose or a niche.

Let me also add this caveat: many students vanish due to financial constraints. As long as this college costs what it does, there will be students who discover that the cost is too much. People will always leave for financial reasons, and the school cannot discount these students.

And I'll add this as well: social and personal problems have taken away more than a dozen of my

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friends, year after year. These issues, these personal and social issues, will not be repaired by the proposed changes. If anything, by trapping individuals in strict, year-long, closed groups, these personal and social problems will be intensified.

In the end, having taken away all these categories, having shown that none of these groups would be affected, you have to ask why these proposals are even being considered. They will affect only a small remainder of students, and they will affect them negatively.

Nevertheless, we're still left with problems larger than retention. Students don't finish classes. Students don't have enough Division-1 projects completed. One-third of the first year class will be in poor academic standing. Students cannot make progress because they don't "understand" what a Division-1 project is. And through this all, students walk alone, moving through their academics entirely independent of any social group.

These are real problems, but the proposals to resolve them boggle the mind. Here's one: *the yearlong course*. It will be taught by an advisor – meaning that classes will consist entirely of that professor's

advisees. The Hampshire student's "explorative" first year will be spent locked into one of 25 specially designed courses. Taking these year-long courses would, of course, fulfill distribution requirements. For the first year, there would be no other option.

But what happens if a student fails to complete the yearlong course? And, yes, students would be sharing their academic experiences with the 30 or 40 students in that class – but wouldn't their experience be completely unlike someone's in another course? And doesn't this completely destroy the concept of Division-1 as a time to explore, to search, to learn what it is you're actually interested in? As a time to make mistakes?

Almost every proposal calls for the elimination of the Division-1 project. They replace it with special courses, such as those described earlier, or institute broad distributional course requirements. In other words, if a student takes a certain number of specific courses in a certain school, you'll pass that school's Division-1.

I was never a fan of the two-course option, which was only acceptable

classes to take," but they are *still* using classes as the lone currency of education. That is a problem.

Had I not had the opportunity to pursue my own H&A project, I would have had a completely different experience at Hampshire. That project, which was completely outside any class experience, has directed my education in ways that I'm still talking about in Division-3.

When classes become the only *credible activity*, you limit the student's education to whatever classes are available that year! Add to that the restriction preventing first-years from taking off-campus courses, and you have effectively made the first-year education pointless, closed, and shallow. A crash-course. You're no longer learning "what you love," – you're learning "what you disliked the least from the catalogue." That is *not* Hampshire, and not acceptable.

Any solution that depends on classes is a failure. Any solution that removes projects is unacceptable. Hampshire was designed not only as an alternative to grades and course requirements, but as an alternative to the class-centered education itself.

Everyone does not learn well in classes, and classes do not, can not, teach the hands-on, self-motivated skills that projects can. Classes can never speak directly to someone's passions and interests. Projects did not exist merely as a quick fix for an uncertain first-year program. Projects were *the point*.

Trying to sound "Hampshire-esque," many of the proposals describe a Division-1 Portfolio. This idea on its own is not bad. However, when you make it up of 8 courses, two from

ALMOST EVERY PROPOSAL CALLS FOR THE ELIMINATION OF THE DIVISION-1 PROJECT.

pursue my own H&A project, I would have had a completely different experience at Hampshire. That project, which was completely outside any class experience, has directed my education in



BY CHRIS FLETCHER, CONTRIBUTOR

beside two required projects. I simply hate this. This is far too much like traditional course defenders claim this is different because "you aren't told which

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GOING THE DISTANCE

Sometimes endurance can be self defeating. Some times rushing towards the future only makes the past more salient, and more likely to stick in the gears that are trying to hurtle you forward. Sometimes you don't realize you're running in circles. That is until you leave the shoe laces of your psyche untied and find yourself hoping you'll trip and fall out of your third floor window. No one said admitting you're more than "eccentric" is easy. That

maybe a trip to Health Services is needed. And maybe even a long trip to a remote mountaintop is in order. It's frustrating to realize your methods of coping with pain aren't effective anymore, that you have no idea what you feel, and your subconscious seems to be calling all the shots.

I'm deeply confused. I have hurt the one I loved best. I only have vague theories as to why. Now all I'm left with is smoldering hurt, the guilt of two broken hearts,

and a painful past that no witticism can erase. Why am I telling you this? Because I need to see it to make it true. I could write this all down, store it in my journal, and tuck it away for later perusal. But I can't, it's been tucked away for years. And what if I'm all out of tomorrows? It's like playing poker by yourself. I can prethem down with a pint of vodka? I don't know. But the really troubling thing is that neither do you.



HANDS OFF MY SCHOOL, FOOLS!

continuations

each school, each pair fulfilling distribution requirements, it becomes bad. It would include papers and the like, but no projects. In short, Division-1 would become a mini-Division-2, evaluated by your advisor. A collection of courses, and nothing more.

But, you might ask yourself, how would an advisor, or any overworked professor, ever have the time to evaluate all these Division-1 portfolios when they didn't seem to have time to chair projects? Well, that's simple! You do away with the narrative, long-winded evaluation! Reduce our prided evaluations *to forms*! They can be easily scanned and evaluated, allowing advisors and professors to pass Division-1 portfolios in an eighth of the time.

Yes, that's right. They propose that the narrative evaluations that many of us hold in such high regard be made *optional*. But what *isn't* optional is this form (you'll find it printed in this issue of the *Omen*). Yes, your skills, your education, will not be reduced to an A or an F at Hampshire! It'll be reduced to a "rarely" or an "almost always!" To a "little" or a "very

much!"

There is no difference between the proposed class evaluation form and a standardized A-F grade. In fact, if I assign numeric values to the various circles on my evaluation form, I can easily calculate a grade from 0 to 100, from A through F. There is no difference between these "narrative-optional" evaluation forms and an A through F grade. *None at all.*

It's just packaging people. Just packaging.

They might as well send Hampshire students to UMASS for their first year experience. They're going in to remove a "huge tumor" which is actually the patient's heart. These proposals cut away the point of this institution, its reason to exist. First year students, who came here after reading the same admissions literature I read, will have one unified response: "I got swindled."

With these proposals, Hampshire is doing what many consumer products do to "better" market themselves: they make their products similar to every other available product, except with a few quickly recogniz-

able, but nominal changes. This way, a larger audience is reached. The public will recognize and understand the product quickly, but will choose the product over another because of its so-called differences.

Thus, Hampshire will make itself as much like a traditional institution as it can, functioning with as much course-based, systematic, choose-your-favorite-answer, structure as it can, so that it will draw from the same large, generalized crowd that a traditional institution draws from. It will maintain its now purposeless, functionless shell of experimentation and self-motivation, but only to make its product seem unique. In truth, the uniqueness, the shell that was once the heart of this college, will now only live on in the new-age terminology, in the buzzwords.

If these proposals pass, these proposals of a "narrative-optional," or let's be honest folks, of a **non-narrative** evaluations — if these pass, we will have given up one of the greatest parts of the Hampshire experience.



DUDE, WHERE'S MY CINEMATIC ANALYSIS?

BY CATHARINE BELL WETTEROTH, CONTRIBUTOR

I am here to tell you about a vastly under-appreciated shining moment in the wasteland of pop culture, a great leap forward for our country. It occurred during the movie *Dude, Where's My Car*, which came out in December 2000, and which you probably didn't go see. You probably thought it was about stoned loser guys who couldn't find their car. Well, it was. But it was also about aliens, a fact I didn't know until partway through the movie, due to it not being mentioned in any preview I had seen or review I had read. You probably also thought it was incredibly stupid. Well, it was that, too. But then there was the one special scene, the one which lifts this movie up above all other stupid movies about stoned guys. Truthfully, I don't even remember much else about the movie. Without the help of the internet, I couldn't even recall the character's names.

This is the scene of which I speak. Ashton Kutcher's character, who according to the imdb.com is named Jesse, but who will hence-

forth be referred to as Ashton, and Seann William Scott's character, apparently named Chester, called here Seann, have found a fuck-load of money, and don't remember where they got it. So they go buy a snazzy car and pimpin' outfits, of course.

So they're driving along in their car, Ashton at the wheel and Seann in shotgun, and they come to a red light, and there next to them is a car driven by Fabio, with a super-model-type chick next to him. And this whole scene has no words. But Fabio looks over at them, and revs his car's engine like, "Yeah, my car's hot and I have a big dick." So Ashton revs his engine, too, like, "My dick's big as well." So Fabio kinda nods, and then he reaches over and puts his arm around the woman, like, "Hey, I got a sexy woman." And Ashton puts his arm around Seann's shoulders like, "So? I got this boy." And Fabio nods again like, "Yeah, you do. But what you gonna do about it?" Then he leans over and kisses the woman. So Ashton looks at Seann, and then

they kiss. It's a real kiss, too, a pretty good one. And Fabio nods, like, "Hey, that's all good then." He looks a little surprised, though. And the light turns green and they all drive away.

And that's that. There's no more mention of it later. They don't freak out, and make lame excuses. No, "Dude, it didn't mean anything!" No, "Hey man, I'm not really into that, of course!" No, "Oh my god I kissed a guy!" They just don't talk about it. Like it's a totally normal thing for two straight guy friends to kiss each other randomly, like it's no big deal, like it's fine. A shining cultural moment, indeed.

I know that this moment of which I speak is under-appreciated, because I haven't heard anyone else talking about it. Dan Savage, gay advice columnist, wrote an article about Seann William Scott's role in *Road Trip*, another stupid, over-testosteroned movie that should have been at least 40 minutes shorter. In that movie, a whole bunch of the guys go to donate sperm at a fertility clinic, in hopes of making some quick money. And Seann's character wants some "help" from a nurse. He clearly expects a blow job or a hand job or something. But instead, she teaches him about what she calls "milking the prostate," which if you can't tell involves anal stimulation. And he likes it. But he never once worries about whether that makes him gay, which is what Dan Savage was praising the movie for. He just goes out and asks other girls to do it for him some more. And in this article, Dan Savage doesn't mention *Dude, Where's My Car* at all.

Seann William Scott has made quite a career out of expanding the boundaries of heterosexual masculinity. Sure, he didn't write the mov-



BY CHRIS FLETCHER, CONTRIBUTOR

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BAKU BAKU = VIDEO GAME SET IN A ZOO

A brand new section:
Section Haiku is for this.
No more Section Sweet!

Stickers all over.
I am beyond delighted.
"White Club" amuses.

Put up more stickers!
Show off your liberal façade!
Your mind has been closed.

If you are going
To tag public property
At least do it well.

All the graffiti
On the EDH trailer
Really fucking blows.

Dogs eat the blue bones.
The monkeys eat bananas.
Pandas bamboo.

No Baku Baku
Until Div III is filed!
Nothing else to do.

The cat on my bed
Is not a cat of my own.
He's really cute, though.

I don't understand boys.
And I do, in fact, mean boys.
What's to understand?

For the love of God!
Only one more haiku left!
Then I can go free!

Christine destroyed me.
She showed me Battle Royale.
I must recover.

ps- No one wrote to me with
questions for the evil twin. I must
destroy you all. Send your ques-
tions to box 283.

DUDE, WHERE'S MY...

continuations

ies, but he was willing to play the parts, and they tried to get him for them, too. It's amazing how this type of thing keeps showing up around him. Although I must say, the poor boy has three first names. Seann, William, Scott.

So he's become one of the actors whom I know by name, and whom I like, and whom I go to see in movies. I mean, I read this review of American Pie 2 where it said that there was a scene where the boys were trying to get these girls to perform lesbian sex in front of them, and the girls would only do it if the boys did it, and I thought to myself, "Seann William Scott must be one of those boys." And whadda ya know, he was.

But apparently at least one other person in this world has noticed the scene in Dude, Where's

My Car. See, my sister is a bit of a teeny-bop sometimes, and so I get drawn into pop culture over the summer, especially around our friend Becka, as well. And Becka likes Hanson. You know, those three brothers who are younger than I am and famous musicians? And so we talked about them some. And I must say, anyone who believes that Taylor, the middle one, is straight, well, you're crazy. Did you know that if you look at photos of him he clearly plucks his eyebrows? The other two boys don't. Anyhow, Becka has a sadly missing-in-action video of them being interviewed on, I think, VH1 by none other than Ashton Kutcher. Now, she lent it to a friend and the friend lost it, so I never did get to see it. But Taylor spends the whole time making eyes at Ashton, and asks him for a hug, and so on. Becka thinks that Taylor

has a little crush on Ashton. So we all agreed that he had probably seen "Dude, Where's My Car" and been intrigued by the Ashton/Seann kissing scene. Wild conjecture, you say? Based on hearsay and coincidence? Just my imagination running away with me? Yeah, yeah, whatever.

I will close by mentioning that Seann William Scott is a talented actor who deserves a good part in a good movie. Maybe he could be in an arty gay flick.... If I ever made a movie with famous people, it would involve Seann William Scott playing an intelligent and nice character. He deserves it. Just like Alyson showing my patheticness and the fact that I have been known to talk for ages about actors. Oh god the teeny bop the teeny bop is coming to eat me.....



UGLY HOEZ NEED LAY OFF THA BROTHAS

BY KORNFIELD III AKA AARON BUCHSBAUM, CONTRIBUTOR

Yo ta all da sluggaz an' dey muthaz. Dis peece be goin out to ma homez, tha brotha man. He gots a loud mouth wit' mo mackin skillz than Annie Lenox got lyricz. Yea, he that mad up, ma readaz; an' I be tellin all y'all tha trufh'n nuthin but da trufh. Believe the mizan what speakz!

Now ma homez here, he gots dis prolem wit' dem Ugly Hoez, what follow him and crizamp his stylee. An what I'm sayin', iz, you know you don't be crizampin' a brotha's stylee, less you his fuckin' maid or somepin, what clean his room'an shit. But deez Ugly Hoez get all up on him, an' be all like "dag! you a peece'o meat! Im'onna sit up on yo lap widout askin." An' dey say stupid shit li'that, 24-fuckin'-7.

Ma brotha man come to me,

an' he all like- "Damn, deeze Ugly Hoez need Lay Off." An' he gets all into like descriptive shit, like fuckin' some Longfellow or some shit li'that. He say "Dem Uglee, Uglee Hoez, dey be fuckin' goin like Columbo on my ass- all trackin' an' followin me. It hurtz yo. It hurtz real bad, cuz my mack is like, drained, unnastand?"

I fuckin' nod ma head like I'm all kindza knowin' it, but da trufh iz, ma pimpin' self ain't get no sweet luvn 'cept from dem Hot Hoes wit Big Billz. But I'm down wit' da sympathizin, cuz you know I gotsta be sho ma brotha don' give up on hiz mack.

I say, "Ma brotha- tha'suckz ballz like lil' Shirley Temple di' when she played in tha' Annie shit." An' he'zall like, "Yeah. Fuck yeah." So we down wit' eachotha like two homeyz shou'be. But we gotsta take care o'

dis prolem he has wit' dem Ugly Hoez, what he attraktz as a side effec' uv hiz mackin' skillz. So I layz down ma masta plan.

"Aight, G." I sayz. "Dis be da plan what no man plan befoe, cuz dey gots no testeez fo' it. Da plan be fo' you to leed dem Ugly Hoez into tha w h a c k - a s s messin' hall, what be call' SAGA (li't some fuckin' 'bout rottin shit). I be on tha otha side uv tha doe' wit ma fuckin'

blade, all ready to scratch tha shizit outsta dey IDs. Yea, dem Uglee Hoez won't eat SHIT when ahm troo wit' dem, cuz tha fuckin cray-z scan-master'll be all li' 'FUCK DIS ID. IT ALL FUCKED UP'. Dey all start screemin' li' tha dogz dey be, an we be passin' that shit wit'ar own spot-less ID's, and ditchin' dem Ugly Hoez li' dey sum kinda ass-trash."

Now, nomally ma homez be all li' a nice brotha', what respectz peepz an' shit li'that. Well, not no now. He cain't refooz ma offa ta take 'way dem Ugly Hoez. He shake ma hand li' we coo, an' we walkz ova ta get some eetiz. Sho'nuff, dem Uglee Hoez peep ma homez comin' frum fuckin' aroun' da cohna, 'n git all up on him li' he sum kinda ban-shee magnit. Das ma cyoo ta run da hell inside an' waitz for ma homez an dem Ugly Hoez ta come tro da doe'.

I amos laff, cuz ma homez open da doe' fo dem Ugly Hoez li' he sum kind o' genta-brotha, bu' I knowz he jus' wanna peep dey IDs bein' scrizatched li' sum fuckin' wild cat attak. So'z I move in, an' jus az dey take out dey IDs, I whip up ma blade, an' star'ta troo dey Ugly Hoez picturez, an slice a big FU on dey fuckin Ugly Hoez bizar cizodes. Den, ma homez flash hiz spot-less ID li' some po-leece dik-tive shit, 'n go on troo ta eetiz. I followz him, all fuckin' high'n'mi-tee li' a man shoul'bee what jus' lay down tha law to dem Ugly Hoez.

"Hellz yea, mang", he sayz to mee. "Yea homez." I repliez. "We werk li' sum smooov fuckin' Bonnie-n-Cly' shit, 'cept you da Bonnie an' I da Cly'." Ma homez laff, cuz we down li' dat. He say- "Lez git us sum food."



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

OH, WARFARE
FEELS SO
GOOD!



BY CHRIS FLETCHER, CONTRIBUTOR



Wrestling and Postmodernism

PLAYING RICKY MORTON

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

I'm a sucker for a good tag match. Epic one on one struggles are all fine and dandy, but when I look back on my favorite matches, the vast majority of them have been tag matches. There's something about the North American style of tag matches that just produces good matches. Sure, they've basically followed the same formula for the last fifteen years, but its great at covering weaknesses of wrestlers and making everyone look good.

This week I'm going to go in depth on the American tag match formula. As an example I'm going to use the greatest example of this style, and one of my favorite matches ever, Dustin Rhodes/ Ricky Steamboat vs. Arn Anderson/Larry Zybysko for the WCW Tag team championship at Clash of the Champions XVII. I actually have this match on tape, but since my collection is sitting back home in my basement, I'll be using Scott Keith's review of the match {available at <http://www.wrestleline.com/opinion/columns/netcop/june01/netcop61501.htm>} for backstory purposes and the play by play.

The story is a fairly simple one. Arn and Larry are the champions and have been feuding with Dustin and his partner Barry Windham, leading to a great scene where the two champions ambush Barry in the parking lot and "break" his hand in the car door. So Dustin brings in a mystery partner for the match. Ricky had been having a lackluster run with the WWF, so his arrival was a complete surprise. The look on Arn and Larry's face is priceless when he's revealed, and so comes the first key to the formula. The heels {Larry and Arn} are

running scared right away, complaining to the announce team, the timekeeper and anyone else that will listen..

Dustin and Ricky dominate for the early portion of the match, basically countering everything the heels try and handing them their asses. Arn and Larry do a great job of making the faces look deadly, rolling out of the ring for a breather after all their attempts at actually outwrestling the faces fails. This is another key to the formula. The faces will always be able to outwrestle the heels one on one, forcing them to resort to cheating and double teams to get the advantage. Ricky and Dustin dominate for a good five minutes just killing the tag champs every time. The heels gets more and more frustrated and finally Arn hits Steamboat from behind, allowing Larry to get the advantage with a suplex. This also gets the crowd into the match, since they know the faces can beat the heels if they get the chance, and grow more and more frustrated as Arn and Larry cheat to get and keep the advantage.

The next key is isolating one of the faces, in this case Ricky Steamboat. Arn and Larry isolate him, using quick tags and cutting him off from his partner's half of the ring. Dustin tries to pump up his partner to keep the crowd into it. Meanwhile the heels cheat and double team the isolated face, generally beating the hell out of him. This is commonly known as "Playing Ricky Morton" among internet fans. Ricky Morton was a member of the Rock and Roll Express, who had a long standing feud with the Midnight Express in

mid and late eighties NWA {the precursor to WCW}. Their matches were the first to really perfect this formula, and Ricky Morton would always be the one to take the heel beating.

Of course, the crowd gets bored if the heels just beat on the isolated face for too long. So to keep them interested Ricky makes several babyface comebacks, but just falls short of making the tag to his partner, the fresh man, several times. First he sunset flips Arn and tries to get him over for a pin, but Arn tags out before Ricky can get him over, allowing Larry to come in and beat on him some more. Larry puts Steamboat in an abdominal stretch and proceeds to grab the ropes for leverage behind the ref's back, another textbook heel trick, further inciting the crowd. Another comeback by Ricky and he crawl for the tag, but Larry tags out first an Arn drags Ricky back to his corner, just inches away from making the tag to Dustin. The crowd is very, very loud now, waiting for the tag.

Ricky and Arn do some mat wrestling and Arn comes out on top with a Boston Crab, while the ref is checking to see if Ricky wants to quit. Larry pushes down on his partner's head to add more pressure on the hold. Then they switch off behind the ref's back, completing the dirty heel trick encyclopedia. Ricky makes one more comeback and actually makes the tag, but the heels distract the ref so he misses the tag, and forces Dustin back to his corner, allowing the heels to double team Ricky some more behind the ref's back.

Finally Ricky and Arn to the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PLAYING RICKY MORTON

continuations

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

double knockout spot, running into each other in the corner after an atomic drop. Arn goes up top, but gets kicked on the way down and Ricky makes the "hot tag" (the final element of the North American tag match) to the fresh Dustin who clears house on both heels. Ricky comes

back in to help out and is tossed by Larry, but he holds onto the ropes and flips back in, before heading up top for a flying bodypress for the pin as the crowd goes nuts.

This match is *the* textbook match for the North American tag match formula. The crowd was into

everything from the unmasking of Ricky as the mystery partner, to the heel double teams, to the hot tag, to the finish. As Keith says in his review "They should teach courses using this match as reference material."



SECTION SPEAK

VARIOUS THINGS I'M ANGRY ABOUT

BY ALI HARTLEY, CONTRIBUTOR

And to think that in the beginning of this year I thought I wouldn't have anything to write about. Jesus. Since my last article the United States was bombed (in case that slipped by you), My college is seriously fucking itself up, and by the time this goes to print the heart and soul of this sweet journal could be expelled. Bloody Terrorists. Bloody Hampshire. Bloody Intolerance.

Now I know that the Hampshire Ideology (as well as a bunch of rabid first years) tell me that I should feel no sympathy for those who died in the attack. That we deserved it, and why the hell aren't we feeling sorry for the millions in Kosovo and Bosnia who are dying every day. Somehow I can't help but feel a tinge of revulsion when people feel righteous about this, when they think of a terrorist running their plane into a building, killing hundreds of innocent people, and can say, "well they deserved it, their country has a bad foreign policy." America is powerful, so Americans should die?

I know that I should spend my life feeling guilty that my country is a world power, but I just feel lucky as hell that I live in a place where there is so much so much freedom. If some guy says, "hey cupcake, over here," I can sue the pants off of him just cause he hurt my feelings. Just cause he made me unhappy. I can say whatever the fuck I want about my government, and nobody is

going to come and kill me in the middle of the night. Therefore, I have some loyalty connected to where I live, and the people who live there with me. I am aware that the US has done some stupid and or incredibly callous things,

And I am no less sorry for those who are suffering elsewhere, but that does NOT excuse an act as vicious as this, no matter what that cute hippie in your SS class says.

The first-year plan: We all know by now that the first year plan is the stupidest thing to hit Hampshire since the singing dog. What makes me angry is that the promoters of this plan, Mike Ford and Steve Weisler, didn't even try to listen to students at the meeting. If an intelligent question was asked, they would only answer it partly or breeze over it before calling on the next person. There were many people there, but come on, guys, we can tell a line of bullshit when we hear it. Why do you hold these meetings if you're not willing to respect the people asking the questions?

CRB: The Omen is again the victim of a strong and violent prejudice throughout the campus. This time it's not just that Omen members are being thrown out of clubs or being bashed in SAGA. People could be expelled. Think about it. Then think about what would happen if this shit were pulled just cause we were Jewish.



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.



MORAL RELATIVISM IS FUN

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

I'll be the first to admit that I have a pretty swanky life. It's not very difficult being an upper middle class heterosexual Christian white male aged 18-49. Generally, I don't need to worry about being eyed suspiciously by store clerks. Advertisers flock to service my material needs. Even at Hampshire I can bask in my white privilege along with the ninety percent of white American males that apparently go to Hampshire {the FPH pillars haven't lied to me yet}. I guess being Christian can be a pain, since god knows Hampshire practices the same tolerance they claim is lacking in Christianity. Do as I say, not as I do. But that is another soapbox for another time. Overall, life is pretty good for me.

I also know this: Students around here show up with the attitude that anyone with a differing opinion from their own is an affront to their personal dignity as compassionate liberals. I won't even get into the abused child syndrome that seems to plague every student around here. Yes, I understand that out there in the real world, a lot of people disagree with your viewpoints, and may even go as far to

silence or blindly discredit them. I understand you are frustrated about being ignored. That does not give you a license to do the same thing now that you are in the majority.

The whole problem seems to be that this campus seems to have taken liberalism's doctrine of moral relativism to an insane and contradictory extreme. This leads to a weird scenario where killing thousands of innocent people becomes a more accepted form of expression on this campus, than say, a picture of a curvaceous naked woman. Now that's a bit hyperbolic, but there was far more outrage on this campus for that poster, than towards anyone who said "America brought this on themselves" in the last week or so. Now I guess no community norms were violated when a few terrorists decided to level a few blocks in New York City and cripple a portion of the nerve center of America's military, but I know I'm outraged.

I don't laud any deaths, whether they be in Palestine, Bosnia, Colombia, or here at home. And I rarely agree with American foreign policy in any of those incidents. But you

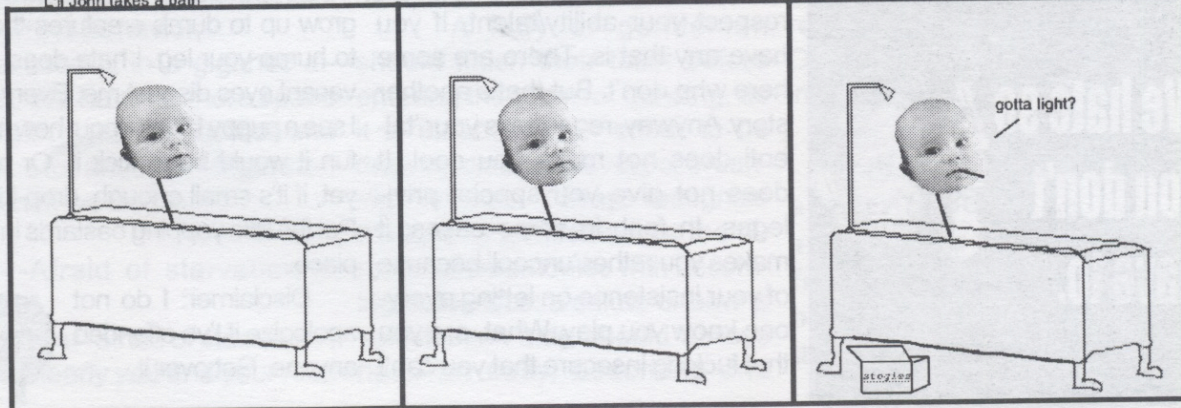
don't go up to a widow at a funeral and start bad mouthing her dead husband. And frankly, you pushing your political agenda over a pile of dead bodies is kind of sickening. I've heard some pretty callous and offbase statements these past few weeks. And yes, I'm looking mostly at the first years, who have not yet learned that around here, just cause your liberal doesn't mean you always have the right opinion. I guess it serves me right for not finishing my Div One's faster so I don't have to take 100 level classes with you moral elitist dipshits.

Someone last semester said the *Omen* was nothing more than a forum for conservative viewpoints. (1) It's more than that. (2) Heaven forfend someone not espouse a liberal viewpoint on this campus. I'm left wing. You can't paint me as some antiquated conservative warhawk who doesn't listen to your viewpoint. I've heard you loud and clear. And as Benni said once, you're just eating your own tail now.

Until next time, I'll be waiting for Hampshire students to start lighting candles with their burning draft cards.



L'il John takes a bath



by Gabriel McKee

MINI-RANTS

BY RACHEL NEUMAN, CONTRIBUTOR

Take A Fucking Shower, You Dirty Hippies

Ok. So I understand some people here are into the hippie thing. Even though Woodstock happened thirty-two years ago. And even though if any of the real hippies from back then saw these stupid college kids trying to dress the part, they'd laugh. But nevertheless, these new-world hippies exist. And there are a lot of them on this campus.

To all of them I'd like to beg: TAKE A FUCKING SHOWER. It's not that hard, it doesn't take that much time, you stand under the water, you use some soap. Rinse. Complete. Time for the entire process?

Maybe five to ten minutes.

I mean really, how many times have you been in a situation where you've had to breath through your mouth because you've been unlucky enough to choose a seat next to one of these smelly people. TAKE A FUCKING SHOWER.

You are not proving anything by going months with out washing, you are not making any kind of grand statement, you are simply telling people: "I smell because I think I'm too good to shower."

You're Not Cool

A message to all musicians: I respect your ability/talent. If you have any that is. There are some here who don't. But that's another story. Anyway, regardless your 'talent' does not make you cool. It does not give you special privileges. In fact, in some cases, it makes you rather 'uncool' because of your insistence on letting everyone know you play. What, are you that fucking insecure that you can't

just shut-up, play your music, and let people figure it out for themselves? You make me sick!

"I know that I will never be politically correct / And I don't give a damn about my lack of etiquette" -Meatloaf

I am all for equal rights for everyone. And I will be friends with anyone, regardless of age, race, sex, ethnicity, creed, etc, as long as they're not an asshole. But I'm not going to change my language, that I've been using all my life, just to please a few over-sensitive Hampshire students. As I said in my last article, it is not the word, but the intent behind it. And trust me if I hate you, it's for a good reason, not because of your race etc. I could go on a long rant about people I hate and the reasons why, but that would take up too much space. So, if you want me to accept you for who you are (in this case, the offended person is an oversensitive twit, but we'll ignore that for creative sake) then accept the way I fucking talk. And yes, I'm from New Jersey, so it's the way I fucking 'tawlk.'

Have You Kicked A Puppy Today?

Lets get one thing straight. Puppies are not cute. They are annoying balls of fur that yap and bark and then grow up to dumb creatures that try to hump your leg. I hate dogs; their vacant eyes disgust me. Every time I see a puppy I think about how much fun it would be to kick it. Or better yet, if it's small enough, drop-kick it. Put the little yapping bastards in their place.

Disclaimer: I do not apologize if I've offended anyone. Get over it.



SECTION HATE

**We hate so
you don't
have to.**



THOU ARTLESS CLAY-BRAINED MAMMET

My second year at this fine institution has begun, and what I have learned in these few short weeks that was only barely hinted at in the past year is that while I have yet to completely become my mother, I have become both a mod person and a bitter older student. More importantly I have become able to identify every rude and inconsiderate thing that Hampshire students seem prone to do. Yes, I mean you. So read this column regularly as I attempt to better the world through manners and etiquette. It will be a far more effective way than putting up stickers on doors so that phys plant has to pick them off.

On that note, lets give a hand for those fine folks who work for phys plant who constantly pick up your messes. A warning to all first years, when you move to the mods, phys plant doesn't clean your bathroom anymore. That means no nice person to bring you toilet paper, clean the dye from the sink, pull the hair out of the drain, and clean the toilets.

Letters – We all want them, but I get them because I write back.

"Dear Mistress of Supreme Knowledge of Cleanliness and Correct Behavior,

Our mod is in a gigantic dilemma. We have no more space in our refrigerator for our food and no space for another refrigerator! What shall we do?

-Afraid of starvation in Prescott"

Dear "afraid of starvation", Clearly you and your mod

mates are a bunch of nitwits. If food is correctly placed within the refrigerator there is room for enough food to feed your mod for at least a week. First and foremost, when buying groceries, remove all items in the refrigerator that are no longer good. Do not just shove these items to the back. In fact if done properly, the newer items go to the back of the refrigerator (if you did your shopping correctly these items should spoil later than the old ones) and any older items get placed to the front. The second most important principle behind proper refrigerator etiquette is that one must *never* place small items on the top shelf. This shelf is reserved for large items such as juice and milk. Keep all like items together. Do not buy the same items as your mod mates. Make these common food items and assign people to replace them each shopping trip. And for goodness sake, one bottle of mustard is enough for any self-respecting mod.

Etiquette in History – Did they have it right?

This week I present correct Victorian behavior for your next large ball.

A lady or gentleman should finish their toilet before entering the room for dancing, as it is indecorous in either to be drawing on their gloves, or brushing their hair. Always recognize the lady or gentleman, or the director of ceremonies with becoming politeness: a salute or bow is sufficient. A lady should always have an easy, becoming and

graceful movement while engaged in a quadrille or promenade. It is more pleasing to the gentleman. A lady should never engage herself for more than the following set, unless by the consent of the gentleman who accompanies her. It is very impolite and insulting in either lady or gentleman while dancing in quadrille, to mar the pleasure of others by galloping around or inside the next set. If a gentleman, without proper introduction, should ask a lady with whom he is not acquainted to dance or promenade, the lady should positively refuse. An introduction in a public ball room must be understood by the gentleman to be for that evening only, after which the acquaintanceship ceases, unless the lady chooses to recognize it at any further time or place. A lady should not attend a public ball without an escort, nor should she promenade the ballroom alone; in fact, no lady should be left unattended.

The etiquette exam:

Is not wiping the counters after preparing food acceptable or a crime against humanity?

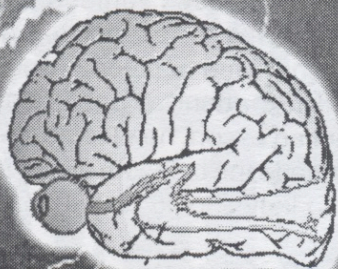
If you actually question the answer to this, you deserve to be pulled from your place of residence and severely maimed. Or at least forced to clean toilets in Dakin.

If you wish to submit a letter to be answered in the future, submit it to box 49, or sbiggie@hampshire.edu.



SECTION LIES

FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF



DESPITE HEFTY LOBBYING FOR TRL SET, STILL NO HOTTER PLACE THAN HELL

Ever get tired of reading people's angry rants? You know them, those are the ones where everyone is to blame but the writer himself. They're always full of great words, polysyllabic, abstruse, Nabakovian words. Usually they rail against this or that, and effectively change one of three things. Your feelings, your mood, or your amount of sympathy. The ones with actual directives, the great "I hate communisms" of the lot, never change anything though. They usually don't even rile up an audience, because "I've heard it all before!!!!" Certainly you could point out that articles are a form of ranting and they get things done. We all remember a certain Richard Nixon. What?...Never heard of him? He was President back in the pre-now years. Two journalists, Hoffman and Redford, wrote for the Washington Post...they brought him down. Made him whine, made him beg.

Pshhht. That's not a rant. It was news. Rants are expressive, or esoteric, or personal, or fun. Even this, the words you're reading now: not a rant. This right now is a tirade, a harangue, an outburst, a fucking essay. It surely can't be a charm to read. The only thing I care about right now is catching most of my spelling and grammatical errors, because I don't want to give any of those crazy OMENites flak with which to rip me a new asshole. God forbid I sound too angry, or wordy. Totally fine if I'm ineffectual though. We don't want any more trouble.

If my point is made, then there's no reason your eyes should be this far down the page. But then to all you patients still waiting for the 'good' because the nurse said

take a seat. Here's a cookie to munch on. A fun rant that I wrote about a month ago, when I was still working at the bookstore. Enjoy!!!!

I have a dent.

I don't really. I did once, though. It was in my shin. I think I banged it on a car. It happened about a year ago, and I'd all but forgotten before writing this. But I'm not really concerned with my shin, I just like that line. I came up with it because I wanted an aphoristic first line. I found a book at the store of first lines. Each page had the first sentence to one of the greatest novels of all time. And to make it more fun than just reading a list, the first line was the only thing on the page. You had to turn to an answer sheet in the index to figure out what it came from. I was good for about 2 of every ten. Then a man came up to the register—a real hickish looking feller who had just asked me where the books on gambling were—and noticed the book. It was bright green and stood out on the wooden countertop. Then we started quizzing each other. He was surprisingly well versed. He did much better than me, and I'm sure he hadn't read many of those titles since school.

Worst of all, my favorite first line wasn't included. It was written by Saul Bellow. The book had the one from The Tales of Augie March, but for a great title you need to pick up Herzog. I don't know the line by heart, it goes almost like this:

"Moses Herzog didn't think he was crazy, but if he was that was OK with him." Isn't that great. Most of my first lines are great in context, but only weird by themselves. Check out the title. I'm working on it.



BY SASHA HORWITZ, CONTRIBUTOR



I lay here wearing my white tank top, sky blue rubber ducky jammy pants on my pink canopy bed, singing along to NSYNC's "Pop", I start to wonder what it would be like to have a boy band on campus.

Then it hits me....

What if the Omen lads formed a boy band?

I, of course, would be their manager. I've listened to "Bye Bye Bye" sung along to "I Want It That Way" and my room is covered with pictures of my future husband J.C Chavez of NSYNC. Who else could possibly be a better manager than the girl who has seen Backstreet Boys in concert three times? Me, that's who!

But which Omen men would be in this band? Let's run down the list, shall we?

Name: Michael Zole

Age: 24

Height: 7'0"

Eyes: Brown (They hold the answer to many of your questions, if you would only look)

Hair: Chesnut brown (Frames his face wonderfully)

Bio: Zole's good looks and mature way of looking at the world makes him the perfect candidate for the "older, reassuring, bigger brother" slot in the band. Ladies, whenever you're down because you don't know where your life is going and need a little wisdom, he's the man you're looking for.

Name: Wilder Konschak

Age: 21

Height: 5'11"

Eyes: Blue (Girls, you can stare at them for hours)

Hair: Brown (Very rebellious looking)

Bio: As his name suggests, this guy is "wilder" than most. He's known for being Hampshire College's bad boy. But this bad boy has a soft side. You can find him in his room creating works of art that show you that there's more to this boy than meets the eye.

Name: Jeff Paternostro

Age: 19

Height: 5'7"

Eyes: Brown (The sparkle in his eyes is priceless)

Hair: Black (boyishly cute look)

Bio: As the youngest member of the group, Jeff adds a perfect sense of innocence and mischief that only he can provide. He makes the younger girls giggle with glee while making the older girls wish he was just a little older and legal.

Name: Benni Pierce

Age: 21

Height: 6' (Perfect for when he's making slam dunks)

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Dirty Blonde (cut short to ensure he gives and looks his best on the field)

HEGEMONY!

Bio: When he's not running around to head off to another meeting he is off and running (literally). Hampshire College does not have a football team, but believe me, if this college did, this boy would certainly be on the team. Not to worry girls, he's not like one of those UMass boys that try to rub themselves all over at you at frat parties.

Name: Shaun Patrick Boyle

Age: 22

Height: 6'1"

Eyes: Blue (So sincere and loving that they will make you melt)

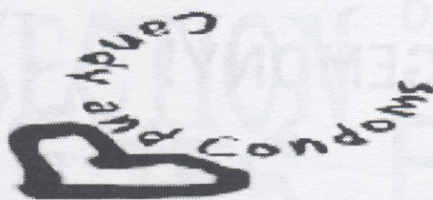
Hair: Dirty blonde (The perfect length for running your fingers through his hair)

Bio: What can you really say about this sweet and sensitive boy? He is willing to take you out and show you the world. He wants to wait outside of a TJ Maxx dressing room and watch you try on outfits that show how beautiful you are. In essence, he's just a nice guy that just wants to hang out.

Don't these boys sound yummy? How many girls are swooning? I know I am. My mission is clear. This boy band must be formed. They will be called...HEgemony.

Hampshire College, are you ready for these boys?





PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

So. Two days before you left for college, your significant other came to you and made a paraphrase of the following: "I'm breaking up with you so I can get laid when we're a thousand miles apart." No doubt you were heartbroken. Perhaps you pulled a Marlin Brando *Streetcar Named Desire* kinda deal, crying STELLA! STELLA! STELLA! until your heart burst. If so, here's your Oscar and smack to the head.

What can I say? I got no sympathy. Sure, you two were in love for a teenager's forever, (meaning over a month), but guess what kids. You gotta get over it! Wake up, smell the grande cappuccino with extra foam, and get your Hampster ass outta the mopey bed. You're at college! We have more distractions than Cirque du Soleil on speed. No matter who or what you're looking for, I bet we can service you within the five-college area. It's like the Best Buy dating service, I promise.

Too many first years are already bitter and it's starting to get on my nerves. Sure, ask me about my summer, and I'll spin a tale of melodramatic woe rivaling the best of 'em. But none the less, I'm back at college, looking for fresh blood, and trying to take a positive approach to the whole thing. Everyone else should do the same! You can't spend all your time thinking about that guy or gal that was so obviously superior in every way to every person here. Not only does dwelling on the past make you incredibly

depressed, it also severely lessens your chances of getting laid. Not even the most casual partner wants to hear about your ex as you're making out. Not cool. Not sexy. Not good times. And we all came to college to have a good time! We came to work hard, but god dammit, we came to play hard too!

And as for the rest of you! All you older students that for some reason don't already have someone you're joined with at the hip. You need to be getting out and finding new peeps as well. I won't stand for hearing about how much your first year rocked because you were getting laid all the time and everyone loved you because you were a nubile first year and barely legal. Maybe the bitter part of your bitter older student persona is holding you back. Maybe you need to let it go. I know you're still thinking about that chick that went on leave her third semester to Abu Dabi and then transferred to Reed. And she was one hot babe. But honey, that day is done.

All right. Time for a break down. This message goes out to a few of my friends, some young, some old, some monkeys. A wiser man than myself once told me that everybody wants to be loved. At the time, I was having a nervous breakdown, and ironically enough, this man was a large contributor to the breakdown, due to his not loving me.

But my point is that he was right. Everybody really does just want to be loved. They want to find another person with whom they

can share a deep emotional and physical bond. But such bonds are not always permanent.

It would be easier if they were. It would be really easy if you could go on feeling the same way about a person forever. But you can't! After any period of time, be it an hour or a decade, your attitude towards another individual can change. But you can't dwell on something that no longer exists. You can't let new feelings be repressed by memories of feelings.

You can get over almost anything if you'll just let yourself. Humans are their own worst enemies so much of the time because they hurt themselves trying to help themselves. Like, because they spend all their time trying to work through something, really they're just dwelling on it. If they allowed themselves to be distracted, they might have an easier time getting over it later, once they don't care so much. Think about it. A happy person is happy because they are. Maybe something specific made them happy, but they don't spend a lot of their time dwelling on why they're happy. Now, an unhappy person, they spend a lot of time thinking about their own unhappiness, wanting to know how they ended up in such an emotional state. That's not a good scene. What unhappy people need to do is keep moving. Unhappy people should go running. Yeah. This article has been highly repetitive and unorganized and I don't care. I'm trying to get my message across, so deal.



I WANT BOX SET, YES!

ROCCOLOGY



BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

I have not, gotten the letters, no. I could give you some more examples, yes, but it is more than deserving of you. But I am still on the Omen, payroll, yes- even though my salary is, like my dirty anal friend Kelly say, "It is so tiny." I am recounting my best filmed events. You won't join me?

Anal Siege- It is mostly the name I am liking. Not much I remember of this. I thought I was work with that Steven and his Seagull, but such luck! He is fat. His seagull also probably.

Buttman's British Moderately Big Tit Adventure- This was fun time, so much British Humor in the set! And has Zen message- life on moderation! But England people are having worst tastes than types in Western Massachusetts! In England, there is no salt.

Deep Inside Crystal Wilder- It is rare that my co-stars are having two dumb names. Name the first, is... is.. how you say... Hiptie? Hippy? So stupid. Name the second, oh, is just so stupid. (Ptoo.)

Dippy Longcocking- I am not much liking this one, most because the headliner star.. People have red-heads and freckle all over- (and I am meaning all over) is not attracting.

Face Dance, 1&2- It was hurting a lot too much, until co-star Nalia removing her piercings.

Inspector Croissant- I can not hope comparing to Peter the Sellers, but tried. Was best catering for a production I ever am having. The French, know how to cook, yes. Every bite remind me of somethings. Oh flavor, yes!

Intercourse With a Vampire- Such fun- I got to meat Tom Cruise! Hollywood what a town! Brad Pitts is also professional!

Little Magicians- Fred Savage having his Little Monsters. Jonathan Lipicky, (il bambino della Jerry Maguire) having Little Vampires. I am having Little Magicians, I am proud. Hey Jonothan, two things I having on my body weigh eight pounds! And they are both heads or have them! HA! HA!

Never Say Never To Rocco Siffredi- Stirs message of hope! And I am James Bonding but am not a Jim! I enjoyed very much! But sad, is only in Italia.

Rocco's Ghost- Very heavy load with special effect! I having extra-large sheet! Plus light. I am liking the horror very much.

Sexophrenia- Fun days shooting, but girls being crazy! Crazy! U.S. Mental Hospital must be very hard on for money. Is sad, yes.

Spread Sheets- I am having accountant, yes. He is bastard, not telling me how nasty fun is the accounting. Just kid! He tells me to make this joke that is funny: my Power-Point Excels! He is man of strange humors.

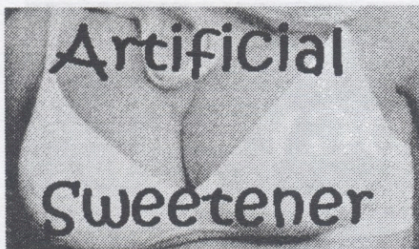
Steele Butt- Selena Steele is good sport. But her butt, is flesh and much blood, not the steel. Would be errand of fools to get steel-butt anyway. Would have enormous clang-bonging every morning on il cesso.

Sweater Meat Chronicles- Is based on book by C.S. Lewis- or Tom who Robbins, I forget. So, yes, pretentious. I cannot stand. Art fucks!

Is only little bit of filmography. My body works is huge! Ciao, Hampshire College. And ask me, yes.

I AM RE-
COUNTING MY
BEST FILMED
EVENTS. YOU
WON'T JOIN
ME?





Artificial Sweetener

FESTIVITIES + FIRE ALARM

100009 = -FOOD

BY AUNDRIA THEOCLES, COLUMNIST

So Karl and I ordered calzones tonight. About an hour and a half after we ordered them the delivery guy pulled up outside the mod, got out...got back in his truck, and then drove away. Drove away! What what? So that sucked.

"Why don't you just make something then you lazy girly?" you ask.

Well, thanks to me having a birthday on Wednesday, we can't use our stove until it is replaced.

I'll explain, cause I know that's what you want.

My birthday was on September 19th. **Karl bought me a lovely cake, and cleverly hid it in the oven as to surprise me. So everyone came over, and I blew out the candles and a good time was had by all. We thought the stove was empty.**

Fast forward to the next afternoon. Steve comes home from class and sticks a piece of pizza in the oven to reheat it. I'm in my room, typing away or

something, Karl is in the shower, and Steve is upstairs. I hear a weird noise in the kitchen, and think "Wow, someone started cooking, and I didn't hear them come down the stairs." My door was shut, after all. About five minutes later, I hear someone come into the mod, and yell, "Is someone cooking?" Zack Boyle had come over to visit, and had walked into a smoky room. He opened the stove to find Steve's pizza and a ball of fire in the oven.

At this point there was black smoke everywhere, and the fire alarm hadn't gone off yet. We set up fans as quick as we could to get the smoke out of the room and waited for the fire alarms to start. They did. They fire department showed up and put out the fire, and showed us what had started it.

"A cardboard box, covered in plastic, full of string."

In other words, birthday candles.

Apparently when Karl bought

the cake, he didn't know that it came with a box of candles. They must have fallen off as he pulled the cake out of the oven.

Apparently Steve didn't see the box of candles in the oven when he put his pizza in.

So our stove ended up with a layer of wax on the bottom, rendering it useless unless we felt like filling the mod with noxious black smoke again and pissing the Amherst Fire Department and Public Safety off. Which, seeing as the mod set off the alarm once already this week, we are trying not to do.

No oven = microwaved food, peanut butter and jelly, and the like. Two days of this makes a person need a calzone. All would be well if the delivery guy wasn't a tool.

Maybe by the time this article is printed I'll have my...shudder...Domino's delivery.

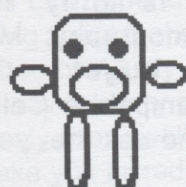
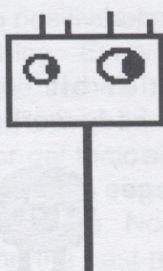
And thanks to Zack. Boy done got good timing. Mod 20 owes you one.



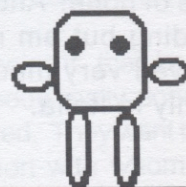
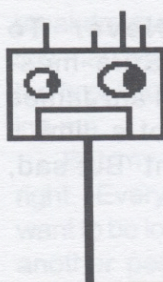
UNOFFICIAL SCREAMIN' STEVEN

BY AUNDRIA THEOCLES

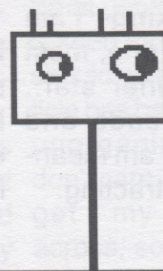
Have you seen my
momma?



BROTHELLLLLLL!

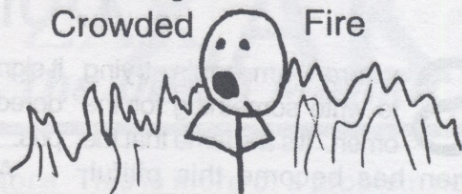


I don't know where I
am.



OK, BUT I GET TO BE ED NORTON

Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



There's a term in the American Heritage Dictionary that somebody on this campus needs to look up. It follows "white space," "white squall," and "white stork", and it goes a little something like this:

white supremacy *n.* the belief or theory that the white race is inherently superior to and therefore entitled to rule over all other races.

It's a strong term, expressing a very real violation of human rights and basic morality. But it's also a loaded weapon. The very term "white supremacist" causes a slight raise in human blood pressure when we view it, just like the sight of somebody being beaten. Lately, these small pulse leaps have been happening all over campus, due to an anonymous campaign of racial awareness. The promotional stickers go something like this:

In large type: *The first rule of white club is you don't talk about white club.*

In small type: *Is there a white supremacist group on your college campus? no. it is your campus.*

Now, don't misread what I'm about to say – I think the slogan is brilliant, and I wholeheartedly support the effort toward an ongoing dialogue of racial awareness at this school. However, I have two substantial objections to the stickers. The first is a simple consideration of the method. By plastering the campus with stickers, somebody has not only defaced the underfunded exterior of our campus, but left a hell of a lot of goo for

Phys Plant to scrape off the walls. Come on, guys – I'm tired of ranting about this campus' general lack of respect for the people's property. Plastering buildings with hard-to-remove stickers (and they were hard to remove) is the equivalent of petty vandalism. If you're intelligent enough to understand the subtleties of our racist society, you should be mature enough to clean up your own mess – not to leave it there like so many crayon scrawls on your momma's kitchen wall. Phys Plant, much as it loves you, is *not* your momma.

My second objection is about the use of the term "white supremacist organization." Now, according to the above definition, a white supremacist organization is a group of organized individuals who believe, not only in the inherent superiority of the white man, but in his *right to rule* over all the other races. White supremacist groups, like the KKK, are on an *active mission* to subjugate anyone who doesn't share their facial features. They're scary because they know what they're doing, and they're doing it anyway.

And they're scary because they exist. They are very, very real.

So, is there a white supremacist organization on Hampshire's campus? Is there a White Club? Well, no. And yes. Let's break the first rule of White Club for a second and break this baby open.

White Club is an elite organization. It's so elite, you probably don't know you're a part of it. A membership in White Club entitles you to a million unspoken privileges (i.e. hav-

ing a better shot at the job of your choice, or not getting harassed by cops in most neighborhoods), but the most coveted privilege is this: as a club member, you never have to think about being white. That's right, you're allowed to believe that everybody is born with exactly the same opportunities, because in the white world, no one has ever shown you differently.

Discrimination is something that must be learned the hard way. Until recently, I didn't understand why people saw each other in terms of race. Raised in a racially diverse community, I never identified people with their skin color. Only now do I realize how privileged I am. I never saw people in terms of skin color because no one ever saw *me* that way. No one ever judged *me* that way. Our schools teach us that everyone is the same, that it's all one big united world. But on the streets of that world, it's a different story. No one is "equal" in this society if they're not white. Look at Congress. Look at Hollywood. Look at who's in the prisons, in the ghettos, in the mansions, in the suburbs. In the colleges. This is not our America being represented, our America with its over 25% nonwhite population. This is the White Club, smug, silent and so utterly oblivious.

And because of that oblivion, the White Club is not – and never will be – a white supremacist organization. No one on our campus is holding midnight rallies, scheming to "purify" the campus with burning crosses. Maybe what the white majority does is more dangerous, because it's more subtle. Because it's passive. It's the kind of racism that results from

DOIN' LAUNDRY

So here I am again, trying to write something for the omen. It's a shame that the omen has become this pitiful, ghettoized piece of shit. Why, I remember my first year when it was just a piece of shit. But godammit, it was representative. Now the only people whom I see writing are fucking misfits trapped in a miasma of self-loathing, sexual frustration, and professional wrestling. I am not writing this to make friends or impress anyone, but rather to voice my own desires on what I want to see in the omen. You, as readers and potential contributors, are requested to oblige.

Y'see, the omen being a free speech magazine and all, you can write about whatever you want, so long as you put your name on it. I want to see people writing about things of interest around campus, or current events, or even just some good dirty joke you heard on the porch. Allow me to demonstrate just how simple this is.

I had a pretty interesting night tonight. Some first years asked me to make a booze run for them, and I did, taxing them my standard fee, a pack of smokes. Over at R&P one of the clerks of my acquaintance noted that he had been following the events of the last week pretty closely (the whole WTC thing), claiming that

it signaled the end of an era. I pondered this on my way back to campus.

And he's right, you know? This last week has seen the end of a sense of security as we know it in America. We are living in a fundamentally different place than we did a week ago. But on a Saturday night, the booze still flowed, and undergrads were still out on the prowl, looking to get laid. I didn't feel like drinking, and my girlfriend was already asleep, so I stepped towards Prescott in search of some intelligent conversation.

I ran into another friend of mine, this one from NYC, as he prepared to depart for the city to survey the wreckage. He was calm, but not happy, and we spoke for a while about the parties occurring around us, and how neither of us were really in a party mood. Murphy's law being the universal constant, we ended up walking into the midst of a surprise birthday party, and after wishing the requisite well-wishes fell to brooding. I departed soon after, looking for some measure of solace back home.

By this point things had quieted down some around the homestead, and I at to contemplate things from the Merrill B stoop, a fine vantage for contemplation. It occurred to me that as macabre as it may sound, I felt as

if I was living in a surrealist novel where airplanes fall from the sky at random, destroying all in their path. I almost expected an airplane to fall on Dakin for a moment, and I was unafraid at the prospect. Not out of any hatred for Dakin, but out of a complete detachment from the phenomena of falling airplanes.

This is how I came to grips with this new era. Truth be told, I feel a lot better now, because if half the bad shit that's happened in the last week is possible (and apparently almost all the bad shit that happened in the last week was possible, or so they tell me), then by deduction a lot more good shit is possible as well. Granted, I don't expect the entire population of Massachusetts to suddenly have an epiphany and lead the world to a utopia, but I can now say without hesitation that stranger things have happened.

Either way, I'm facing the situation with a healthy amount of concern, but a lack of fear. Where fear is absent, hope can grow. Where hope can grow, a state of grace is possible. And at the root of all of this enlightenment, there is a bunch of rowdy first years who want to get drunk and screw on a Saturday night. And more power to them.

God bless us all.
We're going to need it.



ED NORTON ...

continuations

not thinking about it, from *not* being aware. Even so, it's very different than "white supremacy." White supremacy is a violent and hateful belief system. It is not a phrase to be tossed around lightly. The casual use of such hateful terminology can only inspire hate and fear in others, and these are the enemies of understand-

ing. This campus needs communication. It needs release from the tension, from all the hurt and misunderstanding.

So you with the stickers, whoever you are: Please consider the kind of reaction you're looking for *before* you plaster the campus with propaganda. But for God's

sake, don't stop trying. More than ever, Hampshire needs awareness. We need communication. The respect and healing can only begin where the silence ends.

And next time, please use regular old flyers.



SAVE YOUR BLOWJOBS, FOLKS

ZAK
The Omen Maniac

BY ZAK KAUFFMAN, COLUMNIST

Last issue I read with interest Gwynne & Zole's articles on things they wish they had known as a first year at Hampshire. I consider myself to be just as arrogant as them, so here are five things I wish I had known as a first year video student.

1. UMASS!: It's hasn't been until this year that I've discovered what a wonderful resource the Umass communications department is. As a Umass communications student, one has to wade through years of boring and childish communications theory courses before getting to even touch a camera. However, as a five college student, Umass' dozens of film/video theory classes are wide open for us to pick and choose from. Want a class specializing on Asian cinema, Hitchcock, or international film noir? Umass has them all, along with dozens more (remember, they have 25,000 students. That's a lot of classes). And if you can make it in to a UMASS production course (which is difficult even for a UMASS student), you'll get to work on a weekly class production that doesn't have to be video art based.

2. John Bruner and John Gunther are the shit:

There are two great men who live together in a cave in the library basement, running the Hampshire video editing facilities. Their names are John &

John, and they know more about video production and editing theory and application than any official teacher on Hampshire campus. And they love to help video students. Having trouble with Premiere? They'll help you. Not sure how to make a particular shot work? They'll show you the trick. Need a crew member? They'll give you a name to call. And now that they've formed AMP (the new student video collective), they're teaching the best production classes on campus through a series of weekly workshops that you're invited to. And they're both available to serve as members on division 2 committees.

3. Blowjobs do not equal entry to class:

Just because you give a teacher a blowjob does not mean that you will be given entry to their class. Before you get on your knees, make absolutely sure that they have clearly stated that in exchange for fellatio you will be given a credited spot in the class. Not 'I'll try to make room', not 'You'll be put at the top of the waiting list', and not 'Suck my dick bitch'. None of these mean you will necessarily be allowed into the class.

4. Digital video don't mean shit your first year:

This is more of a problem now than in my first year, but I've seen a lot of first year students recently who seem to think that if they don't own a \$2000 digital video camera, they're behind the curve. This is bullshit. Hi-8 cameras are always available free of charge at media services, and this is a perfectly legitimate medium to work in, particularly when you're just figuring things out. Once you've got some footage under you belt and know what you want to be shooting, then maybe upgrade to your own camera. But don't jump the gun.

5. If you don't get into any production classes your first year, this does not mean you cannot learn:

Here's what you get from video 1: A bad Premiere workshop, a hasty explanation of equipment, and an opportunity to watch a lot of pretentious video art. All of these things you can get better from John Bruner in

about two hours. This does not mean it's not worth taking production courses. You get two things of great value out of the average film/video production course:

You're forced to get off of your ass and actually produce finished pieces, and you get constructive criticism from your peers.

Take this knowledge, and become your ultimate self. Cocksucker.

**John Bruner
and John
Gunther are
the shit.**



Hampshire College Instructor Evaluation of Student Performance

Part 1 Course/student information

Course Number	
Course Title	
Instructor(s)	
Semester offered	
Student Name	
Student Year of Entry	

Part 2 General description of the course

GOODBYE NARRATIVE EVALUATIONS!

This Class Evaluation Form is part of the new First Year Plan Proposal. This Form would be required from all classes - making our familiar narrative evaluations optional and, as a result, unused.

Part 3 General student performance

For each of the items listed below, describe the student's performance in your class, using the following scale: 1—Rarely, 2—Sometimes, 3—Almost Always.

	Rarely	Sometimes	Almost Always
Attended class	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Participated in class discussion	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Participated in in-class or group activities	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Completed all reading assignments	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Completed writing or other non-reading assignments	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Completed assignments on time	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Put considerable effort into the course	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Had an adequate background for the course	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Sought help when needed	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

THIS IS NOT A JOKE!

Key players have already said that UNLESS STUDENTS ACT QUICKLY TO CHANGE THE OPINIONS OF STAFF & FACULTY MEMBERS, THIS PROPOSAL WILL GO THROUGH, with or without the support of students and alumni.

That means it's time to crash some meetings. It's time to make some phone calls and write some letters.

There won't be a second chance.